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FRIDAY, AUGUST, 3 1900 POOL CROP IS LARGE.

An exchange says: The time is ripe for a national convention of fools. The crop this year has been surprisingly large and of good variety. The 520 per cent syndicate fools are numerous enough to fill Madison Square Garden of themselves.

Twenty-three fools in the Adiron dacks took their fellow-men for wild animals and perforated them with shot. Four fools shot their faithful dogs, taking them for deer.

In Chicago eighty-six female fools dabbled in a bucket shop with a "direct wire connection with the New York Stock Exchange" down in the cellar. They will not wear sealskins this Yuletide.

Individual fools have been numberless and of fine quality. A New Jersey fool rested his arm on the muzzle of his gun and his foot on the hammer. He is now a one armed fool.

A Chicago fool, in jail for robbery, knocked his cell mate down and despoiled him of \$1.83, there by materially adding to his term.

A Florida fool, William Clegget, thought it would be funny to give an elephant a chew of tobacco. When the fool came down the Coroner could not have located his sense of humor with a microscope.

By all means let us have a convention of fools and a home for indigent old fools.

Before Rome was an empire, Rome was a republic. As a republic Rome was loved, trusted and respected. As an empire Rome waxed great and mighty, rich and degenerate. As a republic Rome flourished and developed great names and civic virtues. As an empire Rome planted colonies and "assimilated" many peoples—and then collapsed and became a memory.—Omaha World Herald

ADVERTISING is business farming. One must plant if one expects to reap. Who ever heard of a sane farmer going into a wheatfield with his basket of seed in one hand and his sythe in the other? But no less foolish than such a farmer is the merchant who expects to gather the grain of fall business the day that he scatters printers' ink. The rules of advertising tell us that this is the month of months for the advertising of fall and winter goods.—Ex.

"My son, never run for office; you have a fairly good reputation now as an honorable man. You are not afraid to express your views on any public question, but if you are so unfortunate as to be elected pound-master you will be afraid to say your soul's your own; you will spend all your salary in an effort to be re-elected; you will go back on the men who elected you, and give your patronage to your enemies hoping to win them over to your support. In three months' time you won't be able to tell the gender of a canine in your charge or a democrat from a republican. There are men great enough not to be ruined by office, but my son, (and you know what kind of a son I mean,) you are not one of them."—Tribune

An agitation has started in Utah for a state smelter to get ahead of the salt lake trust. Commenting on this plan the Salt Lake Herald says: "The constitution recognizes the principles of public ownership in declaring that the right of the state shall not be abridged to prevent the legislature from tak-

ing the property and franchises of incorporated companies and subjecting them to public use. If the state may do this it may likewise create such property any such enterprises for its own use and benefit. These trusts are driving the people of this country to the experiment of public ownership. The trust is the great exponent of socialism. It may force people to seek safety in public ownership. It is making it almost impossible for them to live and do business except in the name of the state or municipality. Within less than a decade this will be one of the most important issues before the people of this country. It is well to study it carefully as events lead up to the coming conflict."

FORGET ORTHOGRAPHY.

Employment of Amanuenses Said to Cause Men to Forget How To Spell.

"The practice of using an amanuensis has become almost universal among busy men of affairs," said a Magazine street wholesaler, according to the Pittsburgh News, "and it's death on orthography. I defy any man who has dictated to a stenographer for as long a period of time as two years to sit down and write an ordinary business letter without making at least four or five ridiculous blunders in spelling. Skill in English orthography is purely an arbitrary accomplishment. It's a feat in mnemonics and doesn't necessarily presuppose the possession of any special intellectual gifts. The only way that the average man retains his ability to spell with reasonable correctness is by keeping constantly in practice and seeing the written words before his eyes. Let him suspend that mental exercise for a short time and the first thing you know he'll be spelling elephant with two l's."

"The stenographer habit is bad as cocaine—when once you begin it you've got to keep it up or you're lost. If I attempted to write a letter of any length at present my correspondent would be certain to set me down as a scandalous ignoramus, and I believe nine-tenths of the business men in the city are in the same boat. The memory of most people, by the way, is chiefly graphic, as far as spelling is concerned. I mean by that that they have to write a word down on paper and see how it looks before they are certain about its orthography. That is why they become rusty so quick as soon as they give up the personal handling of the pen. In medieval times the upper classes didn't pretend to know how to write. They left that to professional scribes, and we appear to be drifting back to that happy condition of affairs."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

In proportion to its size, a fly walks 13 times as fast as a man can run.

The longest recorded hair growing on a female head was eight feet. The longest recorded beard was 12 feet.

Among the 132,000 inhabitants which the last census gave to New Mexico there were 20,000 Indians and 50,000 Mexicans.

Stone street was the first street in New York city paved with cobble stones, hence its name. The paving was done in the year 1657.

The Japanese ride American bicycles and play baseball; they use American expressions in connection with the game, as "one strike," "home base," etc.

The oldest love-letter in the world is a proposal of marriage for the hand of an Egyptian princess, made 3,500 years ago. It is in the form of an inscribed brick, and is therefore not only the oldest, but the most substantial, love-letter that has ever been written. William Foley, of Brooklyn, aged 11, suffered from wood in his stomach. He was wood pulp, nearly two pounds of it. This condition resulted from the boy's habit of chewing matches and toothpicks, for which he developed an inordinate appetite. William became seriously ill. An operation was enough. Military engineers are practically agreed that no material for fortifications is superior to earth. When clay is not obtainable, as on the seashore, sand is collected into bags, and these are laid in regular heaps along the line of the proposed fortification. In such a fortification the balls from the enemy's guns sink without doing damage, and shells explode harmlessly.

CONDUCTOR WAS HONEST.

But He Had a Hard Time Making a Woman Passenger Believe It.

"Is this all you've got, madam?" asked the conductor on the North side car as he scrutinized the coin in the semidarkness of the tunnel, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"What's the matter with it?" she asked, in such frigid tones that the conductor looked confused.

"Nothing, but—" "Then, if there's nothing the matter with it, why do you want me to give you another nickel?"

"Nothing, but that—" he ventured again.

"Well, then, somebody else must have given it to you. I didn't have a penny in my purse."

"Yes, but you did give it to me, madam, and it's all right, but—" She had got red in the face. The other passengers were watching the outcome, and one youth, who was standing craned his neck and got a good look at the coin. He grinned. She saw him grin. That grin, which remained of her dignity and chilling patience. She testily snatched the coin from the bewildered conductor. As she was losing it into her open purse she, too, got a look at the coin. The car was coming out of the tunnel, and it was lighter, so that she could make out the coin.

"Why, that is a—," but she was too much confused to finish the sentence.

"Yes, it is a five-dollar gold piece, madam. You gave it to me."

"You might have said so," she murmured, meekly, as she fished out a real nickel.

"Well, you see, I ain't much of an orator, madam," he said, and resumed his march down the aisle, reaching for stick-

GIVE MIRACLE PLAY.

"Second Shepherd's Play" Reproduced at New Haven.

Students Present Quaint Old English Comedy, Given for the Second Time in Five Hundred Years.

In the first attempt to present a miracle play made in an American college, Yale actors at New Haven, Conn., the other evening gave "The Second Shepherd's Play" in the Hyperion theater, before an audience of 2,500 persons, who made it the social as well as the historic event of the year. One hundred and fifty undergraduates took part in the presentation of the quaint old English comedy, which was given for the second time in 500 years.

To portray the miracle play correctly the street scene, where the traveling pageant originally produced the play before a medieval English audience, was presented, a hundred students taking part. Added to the quaintness of the old English lines was the picturesque situation of an audience represented as watching another audience.

In quick succession appeared the crowd in the streets agape at the entrance of the traveling showing in a stage cart. The actors presenting the shepherds gave a series of monologues on the hard life of the married man, the everlasting taxes and the perennial sheep thief.

The miracle play begins by the shepherds lying down to slumber and being awakened by angel's song. They were sent to the manger in a corner of the stage, where they find the infant Christ, adore Him and were thanked by the Virgin Mary as they left their gifts. The transition from comedy to the close approach to a passion play struck the audience as almost sacrilegious, but every effort was made to retain the quaint realism of the original play.

GO OUT OF TOWN DEWEY DAY.

Residents of Chicago Who Passed Anniversary of the Manila Battle Playing Golf.

There were some people in Chicago on Dewey day as the appearance of the streets and buildings testified, but there were others as well who were not in Chicago, but who fled themselves away on an early train to the nearest golf ground and spent the holiday propelling the little round gutta percha implement across green fields and pastures new, says the Chronicle. The toll of the country was particularly gratifying when contrasted with the jar and bustle and excitement of the celebration in town and, while the country idler wanted to cheer for Dewey, he wanted still more to enjoy the delights of a holiday close to nature's heart when spring is in the air.

So he gave a little cheer for Dewey every time he drove a ball and he challenged his opponent to come on in the immortal words of the immortal commander: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley." He kept the battle of Manila in his heart and left the sweet seduction of streets for his fellow residents with the tastes of the town.

For the joys of a pageant and the music of a band and the amusing burlesque of the bandmaster and the glitter and clash of the army and the navy and even the sight of the hero of the nation himself are weighed in the scales with a game of golf and the balance is found woefully wanting.

MAN WITH THE DRUM.

He Is the Most Necessary and Important Personage in a Street Procession.

The man with the drum is a very important individual these days of street processions. He keeps things moving and men from lagging behind quickstep time and is altogether a thoroughly indispensable person in a parade. The band only plays at intervals, but the drum beats steadily on, says the Chicago Chronicle.

Victory in battle is often due to the man with the drum, but he sounds the summons to march on and the inspiration of the tap fires the spirit and inflames the soul and sets the heyday in the blood rioting hotly with no thought or power to attend the decision of the judgment.

The man with the drums at the Auditorium is always the most interesting character in the ensemble of the orchestra. High in the center he stands among his fellows and his arms fly this way and that among the kettledrums and his flexible wrists and fingers are in perpetual motion, keeping the padded drumsticks going. In some parts of the Wagner music he would sound the alarm of his beat with a savage satisfaction, and in vespers to the Meistersinger his famous bombardment never failed to bring a smile of mirthful enjoyment to the generally impassive countenance of the leader of the orchestra.

Agassiz at the Saranac.

The whole Saranac community was on the qui vive, says W. J. Stillman in Atlantic, not to see Emerson or Lowell, of whom they knew nothing, but Agassiz, who had become famous in the commonplace world through having refused, not long before, an offer from the emperor of the French of the keepership of the Jardin des Plantes and a senatorship, if he would come to Paris and live. Such an incredible and disinterested love for America and science in our hemisphere had lifted Agassiz into an elevation of popularity which was beyond all scientific or political dignity, and the selectmen of the town appointed a deputation to welcome him and his friends to the region. A reception was accorded, and they came, having taken care to provide themselves with an engraved portrait of the scientist, to guard against a personation and waste of their respects. The head of the deputation, after having carefully compared Agassiz to the engraving, turned gravenly to his followers and said: "Yes, it's him," and they proceeded with the same gravity to shake hands in their order, ignoring all the other luminaries.

A Narrow Escape.

Dr. Lindley reports a narrow escape from death of a Mexican at the San Juan mine. Two men were being hauled up the two hundred and fifty foot shaft in the hoist bucket. When within about ten feet of the top one of the men had a fit and fell out of the bucket. The other man made a grab and caught the falling man by the wrist. He hung on until the bucket reached the surface when both were safely landed.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she could not live till morning," writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night. "All thought she must die of pneumonia, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, saying it had more than once saved her life, and had cured her of consumption. After three small doses she slept easily all night, and its further use completely cured her." This marvelous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung diseases. Only 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at J. T. Owens, Safford, and H. P. Wightman, Lima.

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Mr. John Pressler has a big fire and will take his insurance fees in the moderate price he is asking for his excellent brick burned at his kiln during the late fire. They are of excellent quality and will give genuine satisfaction. Address JOHN PRESSLER OF THOS. MERRILL, Sr. Thatcher - - - Ariz.

HARD TACK IS LOVE'S ENVOY. Message on an Army Biscuit During the Late War Leads to a Soldier's Marriage.

An interesting romance which was brought about by the Spanish-American war has just come to light in Franklin, Pa. When war was declared William Barber, who lived with his parents on a farm a few miles from this city, came to Franklin and joined company F, Sixteenth regiment, and went with his company to Camp Meade, where he was accepted for service against Spain. The army ration of hard tack soon became tiresome to Barber and others in the company, says a local exchange, and while on his way to the national camp at Chickamauga he conceived a plan to secure better food. He wrote his name and company address on a piece of hard tack, together with an appeal to some good southerner to send at least one square meal to camp. Hanging out of the car window, he threw the hard tack at the first house the train passed. It fell into the hands of the daughter of Col. Ray, who, with her father, appeared at the Chickamauga camp the following Sunday with a big basket of food. Barber was invited to visit them and he did so whenever there was opportunity. The colonel owns a rich plantation. A few days ago Barber married the daughter and has gone to Tennessee to live.

INVENTIONS OF INSANE MAN.

One Design of an English Lunatic Brought Him a Handsome Fortune.

Until quite lately there lived a lunatic in Wellesley asylum who turned out a round dozen of inventions during his ten years' stay in the place, and some of them were really good and useful. One was a new style of ship's anchor, which holds twice as fast as the old kind, and can be trusted never to foul its chain or otherwise go wrong. The inventor had been a tailor before losing his balance and knew nothing of ships and anchors. But he drew the diagrams and made the models for this fruit of his disordered brain and one day a man who visited him and saw the plans was greatly taken with them, says London Answers.

He obtained permission, patented and put the anchor on the market. It was favorably received and at the end of two years the invention had brought him \$10,000. Half of this the capitalist who had marketed the anchor gave to the two daughters of the madman, who were alive and sane. During the rest of the inventor's life the anchor brought in enough to pay for his maintenance and keep his two daughters in easy circumstances. He invented other useful things, including a new kind of corkscrew and a folding chair.

Bound Not to Be Outdone.

When President Kruger was last in England he received a visit from the duke of Abercorn, in the course of which his grace informed Oom Paul that he himself had been for years a member of the British lord house, and that his father had been lord lieutenant of Ireland. The president evidently considered that his guest's present rank was a great rise in life, for he exclaimed, hastily: "Oh, that is nothing; my father was only a shepherd!"

INDIANS' DEEDS TO PENN.

Historic Old Pennsylvania Parchments Get New Silk Wraps for Their Preservation.

All the old parchment colonial deeds and records in keeping of the state department at Harrisburg have just been put through a process of preservation by Secretary of the Commonwealth Grist, says the Philadelphia Record. For years these records have been kept in tin boxes, and, as they were occasionally searched, the result was much confusion in the arrangement of papers. Many of the old wax seals were lost, and the crumpled papers were more or less damaged.

Now these documents are arranged in the form of pages, and the transparent tissue of silk on both sides makes the records absolutely secure.

There is one volume, about four by three feet in size, containing the parchment deeds of the Penn. period, and another smaller volume containing important provincial letters, early laws and other state papers.

Peculiar interest attaches to the Indian signatures, which are yet quite distinct on many of the documents. A large parchment contains the treaty of the Penns with the sachem of the Schuylkill Indians, and embraces the transfer of all the tracts of land or lands lying on or near the river Schuylkill and its branches, under date of September 7, 1742. The consideration for this land, as stated in the deed, included 20 brass kettles, 100 blankets, 60 linen shirts, 20 hats & coats, 12 pairs of shoes and buckles, 30 pair of stockings, 20 guns, 12 gunbells, 300 pounds of gunpowder, 600 pounds of lead bullets, 60 hatchets, 50 painting hoes, 120 knives, 60 pairs of scissors, 100 tobacco tongs, 24 looking glasses, 40 tobacco boxes, 1,000 flints, 5 pounds of paint, 24 dozen garters, 6 dozen small silk ribbons, 12 dozen rings, 100 pounds of tobacco, 400 pipes, 20 gallons of rum and \$60.

There are several large deeds transferring lands from the Indians to the Penns, all bearing the peculiar signatures of the Indian chiefs, representing all manner of animals, reptiles, fishes, birds and insects. The most important of these deeds is that conveying to the Penns the territory controlled by the Six Nations, for which a consideration of \$5,000 was paid. The signatures of the Indians to this document give the Indian names and their English signification.

The Duke of the Abruzzi.

When the Duke of the Abruzzi, who has spent the last year in Franz Josef Land, gets his mail this summer he will probably swear at civilization. More than 72,000 letters and post cards for him, from all parts of the world, have accumulated in the hands of the Italian consul at Christiania, who will send a whaler to try to communicate with the expedition as soon as the ice breaks up.

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